

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO., 100.

The Principles of Nature.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY CHILDHOOD;
OR, SPIRITUAL UNFOLDINGS.
BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.
CHAPTER III.

But to resume the thread of these reminiscences. At the end of three weeks I was no longer able to attend school. A violent fever for many days rendered me oblivious to the things of earth. My convalescence was slow and tedious. Being no longer able to resume my studies of nature in the open fields, I felt an inexpressible longing for books. My aunt knew nothing of the consuming thirst for knowledge which preyed upon my health and spirits. When I see children supplied with books of every necessary variety, I recall with sadness those days, when, having nothing to attract my attention, my mind became oppressed with morbid fancies and brooding thoughts. Although I loved my aunt very tenderly, there was something in her manner which awed me into an unwilling silence whenever I resolved to communicate to her something of my pent-up thoughts. She usually spent a portion of each day in the perusal of two or three mysterious-looking volumes, which were invariably returned to the cavernous depths of an immensely large hair trunk. Never did a miser more eagerly long to grasp a coveted treasure than I to gain possession of these books. After mature reflection, I resolved to obtain them by stealth. I curbed my impatience until the ensuing Sabbath, when, no sooner had the carriage rolled from the yard which was to convey my uncle and aunt to church, summoning all my strength, I lifted the ponderous cover of the trunk, when, with a thrill of joy, I perceived the three identical books, with many other well-worn but carefully-preserved volumes. I seized the one lying uppermost, which proved to be Young's "Night Thoughts," a book, one would imagine, not much in unison with the taste of a simple child scarce seven years old. The mournful pathos of its pages seemed in harmony with my spirit, already penetrated with a sense of the infinite. It had put forth its feelers, and was hourly grasping after spiritual aliment to supply its needs. I finished the reading of this book on the second Sabbath, and being blessed with a retentive memory, the recollection of its pages afforded sustenance to my mind during the week. In this clandestine manner, with many misgivings as to its wickedness, I perused Hervey's "Meditations," "Solitude Sweetened," Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," one volume of the "Spectator," and that book so delightful to children, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." This book afforded immense scope for thought, and created, as it were, a genial atmosphere in which my imagination delighted to revel. I knew it was symbolic of the Christian's life. I often lay awake at night in my little bed, trying to weave a solution of its beautiful and highly-wrought metaphors. But, alas! a displacement of two of the books led to a detection. An interdict was placed upon further visitation to the trunk. From this decision there was no appeal. With a feeling of despair I yielded the point after one single protest in refutation of my aunt's assertion, that I could not understand the meaning of what I read. Children seem to divine the character of their elders by a feeling or intuition, rather than by any process of thought. Being firmly persuaded of my aunt's innate sense of justice, I attached no blame to her in this matter; yet I deplored none the less her inability to comprehend this pressing want of my existence. With the waning of the year, especially after the fall of the autumnal rains, my enfeebled health confined me principally within doors, and the little knowledge I had gained from books only created a greater eagerness to obtain more. Like the traveler in the desert, dying of thirst, with springs of water near, which he is unable to reach, thus the memory of those books lying in the trunk mocked my eager thirst, until I again became despondent and unhappy. The recollection of seeing the sweet, pale face of my mother bending over my pillow, in my illness, and of hearing a few gentle words addressed to me by my new father—whom I then saw for the first time—indistinct at first, became at this period daily more vivid, and formed a nucleus of thought upon which my mind centered with eager longings. When in the midst of these sad dreams, I know not how, I found myself at home, and infolded in my mother's arms. I have no recollection of my return home. It is probable that this failure of memory was caused by an access of fever. As the atrophy of my heart lessened by degrees in the warm atmosphere of a mother's love, I caught something of the contagious merriment of my sisters, who called me the little Puritan, and ridiculed me for being over pious. I had, doubtless, imbibed something of the grave and thoughtful demeanor of my beloved relative, whom I regarded as a pattern of excellence in all things. I had imitated her in being very strict in my devotions, allowing nothing to infringe upon the observance of those hours allotted to retirement and prayer. My dear mother, who rejoiced in my returning gaiety, experienced also, at this time, a far deeper joy in the discovery that nothing had been able to weaken my love and reverence for the truth.

I believe I have never to this day fully outgrown the influence of those years of solitude and isolation upon my heart. It seems as if my character, in its future unfoldings, acquired a depth and tone traceable to many of those early impressions so deeply graven upon my memory. I grieve to say that the shyness and reserve still somewhat habitual to me has been too often mistaken for a haughty independence and a contempt for the crowd, wholly foreign to my nature. Like Machiavel, I may have felt a contempt for those extraneous advantages growing out of a position merely dependent upon wealth. My soul had become, so to speak, too early disciplined into a sense of its own value, and of its accountability to a higher tribunal than that of man for the talents committed to its trust, to succumb to the opinions of the multitude in opposition to the still small voice of conscience, that faithful monitor which God has implanted in the human breast.

The spiritual bias of my nature, which many of my friends have ascribed to me, may also be traceable, in part, to these early years of solitude, which induced habits of reflection and moods of thought favorable to spiritual unfoldings, and those deeper intuitions which come to me since I have become a dweller, as it were, upon the very borders of the Spirit-land. The thought that my earth-life would probably terminate ere the meridian or noon of life, has been very pleasant to me. I have long regarded this stage of being as merely rudimental, an elementary state, bounded by a wide and glorious future, where nothing will henceforth retard the soul's onward progress toward perfection. Many sweetly solemn moments of spiritual intuition occurred to me in early life, when monitory voices from the Spirit-world spake to the ear of my soul, awaking aspirations to a more spiritual and elevated life. But through the want of a high moral courage, these noble resolutions and lofty aspirations proved too often evanescent as the morning dew. I had not then this courage! It has been the growth of years. I dared not conform externally to the teachings of these monitory voices. Alas! how nearly do the habits and customs of life bind and fetter the struggling soul to its ruin! One thing was truly astonishing to me—to see human beings, destined to exist forever, perfectly quiescent in view of so limited a knowledge of their own spiritual condition and ultimate destiny. The miserable accessories of this short life seemed to engage all their attention. I was nearly as ignorant as others upon these deeply interesting subjects, but not, like them, contented in my ignorance. In vain I sought among the gifted and the learned, also among those professedly pious, to find a person sufficiently illuminated to aid me in sounding the depths of this unknown sea. My queries on these points were often silenced, but not satisfied, by the answer, "That these things were designed to remain as mysteries, and were wisely concealed from our comprehension." I could not believe it to be the design of our benevolent Creator that we should remain so grossly ignorant of the essential elements of our existence. Being deeply impressed that our own earthliness and a want of conformity to the higher spiritual laws have darkened the light of knowledge in the soul, I resolved to observe more minutely the phenomena of spiritual life, and to live, as far as possible, in accordance with my own spiritual perceptions of truth and equity. Having but little leisure, I resolved to make the most of my time, and formed the plan of reducing all my industrial avocations according to a principle or theory, with prescribed rules, embracing each department. By this means I was able to anticipate results, leaving nothing to contingencies. This process soon became familiar and easy, and not only lessened the wear of physical labor, but left the mind in a great measure free to pursue its own natural bent. Thus, whether employed in the common routine of domestic life, or engaged in an elaborate piece of needlework, my spirit, so often "athirst for music, rare music," ascending upward, star by star, "mingled with the flock led by the living waters," listened to the music of the angelic harpers, and roamed at will "mid the green pastures of the better land." A weary and toilsome pathway, a trying but salutary experience, is often appointed to the earnest seeker of truth, blinded by prejudice and preconceived opinions, ere he is prepared to receive the divine illumination on the mount of transfiguration. When, by reason of doubt and fear, the soul hesitates between its former errors and a new revelation of spiritual truth, this divine illumination comes not to many until they have nearly forded the dark and turbid waters of the Jordan of death, when the light of eternity, beaming from the opposite shore, dispels the illusions which enshrouded their earthly career. Being anxious to attain to a correct religious theory, and to possess a well-grounded faith, nearly all my leisure, during three years, was devoted to careful study of the Scriptures, with an examination of the principles of the different religious sects, by a perusal of their most approved authors. With the exception of the Bible and one volume of Swedenborg, this course of study proved to me both wearisome and worthless. These endless and often puerile disputations, involving the non-essentials of Christianity, conducted often in a harsh and acrimonious spirit, grieved and saddened, while it weakened and confused my mind. Yet out of the chaos of

these conflicting elements I was enabled to weave a glorious hope of the future, and with the past

"I could see a time,
All mirrored in the far-off future years,
When men will cast their idol creeds to dust,
And know the evangel in its very heart,
Regardless of the form!"

I did not expect to witness in my earth-life an approximation of this glorious era, and to stand where now I stand, thankfully and courageously, upon its very borders! It has never occurred to me as at all singular, that with the rapid advance of physical science a new law of spiritual light should appear, or, rather, a revelation of a higher law with which we have hitherto been unfamiliar. Thus will it be in the future life; new powers will continue to unfold in the soul, enabling it to attain to a higher knowledge of Him before whom the highest archangel vails his radiant brow in wonder and adoration! A manifestation of this higher law will also enable us to attain to more just views of the spiritual world, and as we ascend upward in the scale of progression, to hold intercourse with those elevated and noble spirits who suffered and died for the truth, of whom the world was not worthy, and who have long since passed to their reward. No true faith will be subverted by an acquaintance with this higher law. Through it we shall be led to a higher appreciation of Him who came into the world a manifestation of the Father's love and presence. "Whatever of absolute truth or essential goodness" remaining on earth will beautifully harmonize with this new law. Whoever will carefully investigate the testimony elicited on this subject, will find the fundamental doctrine of the Scriptures reaffirmed. The very objections brought to bear against this new power will tend to strengthen the conviction of its reality. From the days of Galileo, who was imprisoned and exiled for the truth, down to the present day, opposition and fierce persecution have marked the advent of every new physical law. But the law of love and universal harmony will at length ultimately prevail. The golden portals of a radiant future already point the way to a period of universal brotherhood and peace. With all due deference to the opinions of others who may widely differ with me in their views on this subject, I submit these few remarks, emanating from my own earnest intuitions and limited personal experience, never having witnessed in my quiet and secluded life any thing of the alleged phenomena as attested by others.

It is said that the poetic temperament is deeply impressible. I believe that nature has graven her impressions upon my mind far more deeply than society or its influences can do. Even now the memory of some localities, rendered remote by the passage of years, arise before me with the freshness and distinctness which waits to my ear the murmur of the waterfall, the brook, with its dark green stones covered with lichens and moss, the sighing of the piny woods, and all those sweet and musical tones in which Nature, the sublime teacher and poet, utters her inspirations to the ear of mortals, awake in my soul inexpressible longings to wander again amid those green meadows, and along those solitary and fragrant wood-paths, and beside those blue and winding streams.

Reclining by this open window, gazing upon those green, wooded hills in the distance, the eye of my spirit penetrates beyond their dense and massive shade, scans the illuminated horizon of the distant past, pausing delightedly amid the green oasis of memory, that blessed visitant which deserts us not when stranded upon the shoals and quicksands of life.

The oasis of memory on which my mental eye now rests, the brightest in all the past, is that period when the fatherless child, restored to the bosom of her family, became the recipient of a fullness of love and sympathy for which her childhood pined so wearily for three long years. The life-giving warmth, the wholesome and salutary atmosphere of those genial home influences, soon dissipated those unhealthy and morbid tendencies which had well-nigh dried up the springs of her young life, and withered the heart's flower in its early bloom. The affection of her teachers and schoolmates, bestowed as upon one whom they delighted to honor, was received with deep humility and modest thankfulness. However faulty and imperfect may have been her life, it has been rich in friendship. That innate and beautiful element of our nature, the sole remnant of our primeval purity which has survived the fall, and which breathes only of kindness and goodwill to others, creates no antagonisms. In her case it had been nurtured into growth by many a sanctifying and purifying sorrow. Though many a dark cloud lowered above her pathway in future life, the heavenly Father's love, and the love and kindness of her fellow-beings, cast a halo and a glory over all. There was ever a silver lining to the cloud, and the brightness of crimson and of gold in the sky. The "child-dream" has been fulfilled! The "milk-white dove of peace," that beautiful emblem of the Holy Spirit, accompanied her in all her wanderings through her short life-journey. Its radiant plumage, so often obscured by the mists and the fogs of the valley, when she wandered from the way, daily brightens as they near its close. Beautiful and sweet have been its ministrations when the cloud hovered low and dense in

the sky. Its sweet, cooing note, heard in the still night-watch, or amid the din and bustle of the "weary, riotous world," breathed of gladness and of joy the world knoweth not, charming to sleep those unlovely voices of ambition, of worldly pleasure, with its petty jealousies, envyings, and strife, which sometimes awake in the human soul. The pilgrim and the dove have neared the delectable mountains. Its wings are radiant with the glory streaming from its brow; its eye is lifted heavenward, as if meditating upward flight. The midday sun shines upon the hills. They await not its setting. A delightful odor pervades the air, borne on the gale from the vales beyond the stream. There are gentle and familiar tones heard amid the murmurs.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!

Alas! for the sad voices in the valley! Mournfully they salute the pilgrim's ear, crying, Leave us not! Oh! leave us not!

We part here, dear reader. You and I have still to cross the narrow stream "which divides the heavenly land from ours." To some it may appear as a dark and frowning river, from whence the trembling and affrighted soul shrinks aghast in fear and dread. To me it has ever appeared as in my dream, "a shallow and limpid stream," and my only fear is of the sharp and flinty stones beneath its waves. A few sharp spasms, a few mortal pains, and the weary spirit is enfranchised, clothed upon with immortality and eternal life. A moment, and the new life is begun—a glorious life of never-ending progression! How delightful the thought of emancipation, of a free, enlarged, more elevated, abundant, active, and useful life, to the soul fettered in bonds of pain!

How long, O Lord! how long! Thy chariot-wheels seem long in coming! Hast thou work here yet for me to do? If so, I will bide the time in patience "till my change come." Dear reader, hast thou thy treasure laid up there, "where neither moth nor rust can corrupt?" If so, God speed thee! We shall meet, perchance, in that heavenly land, and wander together by the still waters of the river of life, "the streams whereof make glad the city of our God." Till then, my benediction rest upon thee. Fare thee well.

MORAL FREEDOM OF MAN.

Is man morally free, or is he not? This question lies at the very foundation of a correct understanding of man, of his relations to God and to his fellow-men; hence at the very foundation of true jurisprudence, true morality, and true religion.

To me it seems the plainest fact in the world that he neither can be in reason, nor is in fact, free. God reigns throughout his universe. He alone is, and from him ever is flowing forth all existences, all substances, all powers. He is "all in all," every thing in every thing; every thing in the natural, spiritual, and celestial worlds is merely a manifesting—a revelation of him, of his infinite love, infinite wisdom, and infinite power. In him is the end of all things. He is the cause and equally the effect of all things. His power, constantly acting, ties every effect to its cause. His power ever and constantly holds atom to atom, draws the freed stone to the earth, and binds the earth to its sun. He is the link, the unknown, the invisible, yet necessary link that connects together cause and its sure and inevitable effect. From him, to the last and least of atoms, he governs by this inevitable, wise, and good law, or method of his being, called the law of Cause and Effect. He is the "first and last" cause, the "alpha and omega" of all things.

God, the highest and most developed arch-angels, angels, spirits, men, animals, vegetables, minerals; from first to last, and least and lowest, there is one unbroken chain of cause and effect that binds all together into one harmonious and divine system, that is the perfect Book or word of God, the Book wherein is revealed his infinite love, wisdom, and power. Every cause is followed by its wise and good effect, which effect in its turn becomes another cause to another effect, and so on from him, the Great First Cause, to the last and ultimate effect. His power is in all of these from beginning to end, incessantly acting. Any other theory inevitably results in atheism. Now, if God reigns, and is "all in all" from first to last, where is man's freedom in this chain of divine love, wisdom, and power? God can have no rival; nothing to thwart or interrupt his infinite purposes, else there must be a power independent of him, the All Powerful! No, thanks be to God! He alone reigneth, and not the most insignificant event that ever happened, but has a foreseen and inevitable link in the chain that binds, and will forever bind the last and least thing to God, the Good, the Wise, the Almighty!

God's foreknowledge of all things from the beginning inevitably results in the same conclusion. In fact, this entire dependence of man ever and constantly upon God, and that he is a mere creature of necessity, or, in better words, of infinite love, and wisdom, and almighty power, is as demonstratively shown by Edwards as any proposition is proved by Euclid.

Still another point of view: Man is made in the image and likeness of his Creator; hence he is also love, wisdom, and power upon a plane infinitely lower than Deity, but parallel with it. His inmost nature or substance is love, made up of various infinite desires, passions, impulses, and tendencies summed up in one word, "an irresistible impulse to seek his own happiness." These are manifested, first, in the merest animal instincts, then by higher and higher desires in ever-widening circles, till it culminates in its highest form of seeking his own happiness in promoting the happiness of others, which expresses the true law of his life. This spiritual constitution, or essential love, is derived from God through the great law of Cause and Effect from parents and ancestors, and, thus derived, is modified very essentially before the birth of the child by innumerable impressions made upon the mother. It is thus born; impressions are being forever made by external things through the senses, by the infinite things impressing, and molding, and modifying this mental and moral constitution in its education, which thus began before its birth, and will never end. The man is thus the center of infinite influences that are forever acting upon and impelling him. Where, then, in all this, is he free? Is he not a mere link in the great chain of Cause and Effect? Himself, his constitutional tendencies, affections, and impulses, from which springs his will or actuating powers, all of which he quite dependently derived from his parents, and since all these are guided, controlled, and ever modified by his wisdom faculties, which are also as they were made, quite independently of him by his education, circumstances, and situation—how, then, is the man free?

Here, it seems to me, is now, and has ever, been the great stumbling-block. Man is free, as a matter of experience to all, to do just as he pleases. The doctrine of necessity does not deny this fact for one moment, but only goes farther back and asks what makes him PLEASE to do so or so, and teaches that there is an irresistible cause or motive-power which makes him please or choose one course of action in preference to another. Let this point be well marked, for from this point two opposite paths diverge. One says, in fact, that nothing determines the will, that it is independent of God, Spirit good and evil, and of man, and all other conceivable influences; that it determines itself without cause or motive; and this results in destroying God's omnipotence and rule throughout his dominions, and introduces mere chances into the irresistible chain of Cause and Effect that binds the universe to God, and ends in making chance the creator. The other affirms clearly and decisively that nothing ever did or can happen without its necessary and preceding cause, so that if a man wills to do a certain thing, an irresistible and necessary cause made him so choose in preference to any other volition; that the man of evil tendencies must choose to do evil, and that the man of good tendencies or constitution must choose to do good when impelled by sufficient causes or motives; that a man is free just as the stone is, to obey the strongest force. When held in the hand, it may be and is acted upon by infinite things; by the sun, moon, stars, objects upon earth, the earth itself, and finally by the resistance of my hand, and thence by my will-power, which is entirely spiritual, and thus suspends the stone in the air. It remains in my hand, and obeys my will-force because that is stronger than the others. My hand opens and that force is withdrawn, and ceases to act upon the stone, and it then obeys and yields to the next strongest force, viz., the attractive force of the earth, which overcomes the aggregate of all the other forces from the sun, moon, etc., that act upon it. So with the human will. It must obey the strongest motive or force, for motives in spiritual things are what causes are in natural. The spirit of man is, like the stone, forever the center of innumerable influences, and it infallibly obeys the strongest. If there be such a monster as chance in the universe of the almighty and omnipotent God, then may the will be free, and nothing may determine it one way or another. But if every thing results from causes that precede them, there can then be no moral freedom, but some cause determines irresistibly every act of choice.

Let us admit, then, and act upon this great central truth, and what a change would result in the world! Does pain, discord, and crime exist? Search and find out the causes that produce them, and eradicate them and those evils, and the effects must cease to be. The physician must discover the cause that is acting which results in disease; remove that, and health returns. If that can not be done, the effect must continue to result, and health can not return, though he may prescribe drugs in larger or smaller doses till doomsday. If the organic laws are violated, the effect, disease, must appear. Medicine must be revolutionized, and man must be taught by the philosophic physician that there can be no vicarious atonement by drugs for living in violation of any organic law. They must know and obey these laws to enjoy health or physical harmony.

In morals does my neighbor sin against me in any manner? Let society take the alarm that something is wrong in their condition, diligently seek into and discover the causes that produced that wrong effect—that disease in the body politic—

and go to work like wise men to remove the cause and not the effect, as they now do by the jail and gallows, and not punish vindictively as they now do the poor victim of their own faults. Jurisprudence will be revolutionized and Christianized, for it, like medicine, will see that true philosophy teaches it to discover and remove the causes that produce irresistibly crime, and thus crime itself, like disease, will and must disappear.

Furthermore, theology will be practically revolutionized, and men will be free indeed, no longer to fear, but to love their Creator. Do I see and know from this doctrine and great fact of "philosophical necessity" that all acts are the inevitable results of preceding causes, which, also, in their turn, have irresistibly flowed forth from other preceding causes, and so on from the beginning of all things? I can not but have charity for my neighbor, though he has injured me. I pity him and try to remove the cause, if possible, which makes him do thus wrongly. The great fundamental law of Christianity, of charity to all men, of forgiveness, from the heart, of all our enemies, and a real, hearty desire to bless them and to promote their welfare, flows irresistibly from this doctrine. In fact, I do not believe a man can be in heart a good Christian, a follower, in life and inmost spirit, of Jesus, the great exemplar, unless he sees and acts from this truth.

As God alone is absolutely, and not relatively, perfect, that is, absolutely good, wise, and powerful, and all and every thing else is only relatively good, wise, and powerful on infinitely lower planes, and so really imperfect, here we see the true origin, end, necessity, and good of what we call evil. God alone is absolute perfection and goodness and truth. His creatures must of necessity be inferior to himself, else they would all be equal with God, and be Gods. Hence there must of necessity be an infinite distance between the highest archangel and God in love or goodness, in wisdom or truth, and in power. In one word, he must, of necessity, be infinitely imperfect when compared with God. The highest and purest archangel, though probably far above our human conception of Deity, can of necessity see and comprehend but an infinitesimal part of God, i. e., of his goodness and truth. All the rest, the vast, infinite ocean, upon "the shores of which he has picked and comprehended a few pebbles," lies unknown, unexperienced and uncomprehended, before him for his eternal life to explore. Hence the highest and best archangel must of necessity be ignorant of many of God's laws, of his truth, of God himself, who is truth. Being ignorant of these laws and truths, he must constantly be liable to err, and, from erring, to suffer the necessary effect of all errors, to want somewhat of perfect happiness, which alone God is. Hence evil arises from ignorance. Evil, which is not absolute evil, but only a lower and relative good to God, who alone is absolutely good, all, from the highest archangel to the lowest and most undeveloped man, are and must be relatively more or less ignorant, and therefore erring, and therefore imperfect and evil, which is only relative good upon lower planes. In one sense, to God the archangels are evil, so infinitely below him are they in goodness and truth; to the highest ranks of angels the lower must also be evil, and to the celestial angels the higher circles of Spirits must be evil, and to these the lower, and to these the lowest of all must appear also evil. But in the Spirit-world, in a strict sense, to God it is still all good—all just as his infinite love and wisdom and power had predestined it to be. "Whatever is, is right." It is not absolute evil, but only a lower and relative good. Absolute evil can not by any possibility be caused to flow forth and exist from absolute good, any more than absolute darkness and cold can flow forth and exist from an infinite sun, but only relative degrees or planes of light and heat. Upward from any plane toward God or perfection is good. Below, downward, is evil. We sometimes say, "His holy angels," "when we are perfect," forgetting there is and can be but one good, but one perfect, and that neither we nor the highest angels shall ever be pure, holy, without error, and absolutely perfect until we creatures become equal with and the same as God. When will this be?

Hence we see the good of evil, nay, of pain, either physical or mental. It is the alarm-bell that forces upon our attention the fact that something is wrong, and never lets us rest till we cease to do wrong and begin to do right. The ignorant child puts its finger into the bright, alluring flame; pain follows, not as a vindictive or retributory punishment, but as the kindest and wisest means to compel the child to desist. Were not pain attached to the violation of law, the finger would be disorganized and burnt to charcoal—destroyed without warning—and so a far greater evil would result. So in violation of all organic and moral laws; the cause must be followed by its wisely and kindly designed effect to drive man to cease their violations of those laws and to obey them. No! all evils, pains either physical or mental, are goods in disguise. Wherever they exist they warn us and society that something is wrong, make us investigate the causes that produce the evil, and then we wisely remove them, and the evils disappear. All God's punishments are thus not ends, but wise and kind means to our progressive good. To pray, then, that we may be relieved from these wise and kind consequences of our deeds, is to be like the child who might sincerely, but very unwisely, pray that God would allow him to put his fingers into the fire without pain.

But who can follow out this central truth into all its relations? It would fill encyclopedias, and will revolutionize and Christianize the world. Fix the attention upon this point—we are free to do as we choose. I say we choose, because motives or causes act upon our volition sufficient to make us so choose. He who says that we are morally free (though all see we are not physically), says that nothing makes us choose; in other words, an effect is being constantly produced without a cause, which ends irresistibly in Atheism or chance. Which side do you take? One or the other must be true. If the will of man is not determined by motives, and is left out of the great chain of cause and effect by which God governs all things and irresistibly binds his creation to himself, then is man free, and then are powers undervived from and independent of the Almighty. But if all things from first to last, from highest angel to lowest spirit, from suns to atoms, "from the rapit seraph" to "devils damned," are merely manifestations of him, revelations of him, and "live, move, and have their being" in him, then, thanks be to his infinite love, we are not free, but predestined to eternal progress in goodness and truth and use. God is of himself sufficient for all his divine creation. When the world is sufficiently enlightened to see and act from this great truth of "philosophical necessity," prevention will take the place of punishment; causes of evils will be sought after, and means patiently and wisely taken to eradicate them, and the evils must cease when their causes cease. Let us also distinctly

see and understand that God alone is perfect and good; all things else, even in the highest heavens, are relatively ignorant of him who is truth, are imperfect and evil, and must forever be, for only God can comprehend all of God, all of truth, all of goodness. "He chargeth his angels with folly." Hence, as wherever there is evil, there must be something wanting from perfect happiness; in other words, wherever there is sin there must be attached to that error some pain to make known that something is wrong, and to make us search after the cause and remove it. So, in this strictest philosophical sense, even in the celestial heavens, all sin is eternally punished, not as a retributory end without a wise love to the sufferer, but as the very best means to secure his further and eternally still further progress in goodness and truth, in oneness with his Father, in immortal growth in love, wisdom, purity, and happiness. Oh! what a Father have we all to love! How pagan-like is the common idea that, being free, the good go after death to a perfect heaven, where there is no sin or sorrow, and the bad to an eternal hell of torment, without hope of improvement, as an end in itself! They make God not even as good as a poor Christian is told to be. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." Why should we do this? Does God? Does he eternally forgive his puny enemies? Does he forever bless them that curse him? Does he indeed never tire of blessing and doing good to them that hate him? Or does he really tire of doing good to his poor, puny enemies after a few years of hating him, and then turn them into hell for an eternity of inconceivable torment without the least idea of thereby benefiting their wretched condition? Ministers of our day, what shall men think of your God? How much better or more worthy of our love is he than the war-god of the ancient Mexicans?

Ponder upon these truths, for the enlightened minds of the age are pondering them! CHARLES H. CRAIGIN.
GEORGETOWN, D. C., March 2, 1854.

THE DISTURBER—THOUGHT.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

Dash low thy wild wave of despair,
Deep ocean of the human breast;
Let every voice of earth or air
Be silent on thy shore of rest.

As cautious as the steps of fear
Tread if thou wilt thy widening goal:
Thy march is made with beauty clear,
From beaming jewels of the soul.

The tides of life doth ebb and flow
In restless currents down thy stream,
And lights which pave the wave below
Illume life's harbor with the gleam.

Thy sunshine and thy storm hath wrecked
Rich argosies of wealth for thee,
And thy invading armies sacked
The towns of freedom no more free.

The children of thy dreams do flow,
Like school-boys from an open school;
Experience following calm and slow,
Like the old master from his stool.

The universe's secret stores
Are thine, inalienably thine—
Those unsurveyed and pallid shores,
The widening gulfs of death define.

Thy dew-washed lily's pallid seal
The desert isles of life hath lined,
And earth's adoring angels kneel
To kiss the chart by Genius signed.

The scolding wind from out the porch
Of the blue-dom'd cathedral skies,
Doth fan to life thy dying torch,
Thy altar-fire of hope to rise.

Lone Seraph on the walls of Time,
In holy concord let thy friend
And brother, feeling with thee climb,
To thy majestic journey's end.

Unvarying from sire to son,
Have thought and feeling marked the man;
Two currents mingling into one,
Disposed the universal plan.

There is no bird without its mate;
No music leaves unheard the lyre;
There is no hearth so desolate,
But bears some traces of the fire.

There is no grave so cold and deep—
Urn of the heart's celestial mold—
But that the stone above doth keep,
The story feeling there hath told.

They err who say the dreariest fate
Which nature's sternest lessons taught,
Hath not a well-compensated mate,
For this mysterious essence—Thought.

COME, BROTHERS, AND JOIN.

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

Come, brothers, and join our spiritual band,
We'll spread the glad tidings of peace through the land;
We are called to our mission by angels above,
To preach and to practice the Gospel of love.

Come, Christian and Turk, come, Gentile and Jew,
The vineyard is ripe, the laborers few;
From the king on his throne to the serf of the sod,
We are brothers all stamped in the image of God.

Would you flee to a refuge from sorrow and sin?
Remember the "kingdom of heaven's within."
The angels are sent us this truth to impart,
That God writes his Gospel in every man's heart.

Hark! the cry of the human is heard as of old—
"Bread for the body and bread for the soul!"
That cry has drawn down the bright Spirits above,
And they bid us unite in this labor of love.

Too long has oppression prevailed against right;
Too long has our ignorance blinded our sight;
The night has been dark, will the day never break?
Too long have we slumbered—oh, brothers, awake!

Come, brothers, unite in our spiritual band,
We'll spread the glad tidings of peace through the land;
We are called to our mission by angels above,
To preach and to practice the Gospel of love!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.—During the gale of Friday night, the stable end of the brick house occupied by Rev. Mr. Gallagher, in the 4th Ward, blew in, falling partly on a bed in which there was a little boy sleeping. A heavy timber fell directly across the pillow, but the little fellow was so curled up in the bed, owing to the severity of the night, that it did not touch him. The bed was also covered with brick, and yet the boy escaped without a scratch, as if an object of the especial care and protecting hand of a superintending Providence.—Osego Times.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Persons who send communications intended for the press should, if they desire to preserve them, invariably retain a copy, so as to preclude the necessity for our returning them in case they are not published. Among the mass of rejected papers they are extremely liable to be lost, and we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping of communications which, in our judgment, are of no value.

PRESENT ASPECT OF THE WORLD.

No one can look upon the general aspect of the world, or review its progress and changes for five years past, without being impressed with the sense that extraordinary spirits, or agencies, have been, and now are, at work. The mighty upheaving of old policies, religious and social systems, to us mark the presence of some more potent influence than is visible to the eye of sense. Almost simultaneously great revolutions have convulsed the four quarters of the globe, and the human race have been strangely moved and quickened in destructive or productive activity. While Europe awoke at the shout of trampled millions, suddenly roused to demand freedom, and to hurl down blood-cemented thrones, and dynasties hoary with age and crime, Asia for her center felt a renewing spirit, and the Chinese Empire arose against its Tartar oppressors, filled with a new religion, a new policy, and a promise—on the tongue, at least—of the social and political regeneration of a mighty people.

Nor were the more familiar regions of the Old World alone convulsed. Coincident with their revolutions, the gold discoveries of California and Australia made the hearts of universal enterprise and avarice throb like the pulse of a sudden tempest. Myriads of men rushed to and fro—old homes were abandoned, old and tender ties sundered, and from the snowy North,

"Whose frigid wind,
Keener and colder than the frosted spears
Of polar seas, that pierce the ocean's rind
And prick the sky."

to the sunny South, where the tropic sky is a flame with radiant heat, migrated gold-seeking legions. All suddenly the earth trembled beneath the tread of charging squadrons, driven to carnage and death, and of vaster armies, allured by a subtler and mightier God than war—some to gather fortune, and many to wreck their all in desert wastes, where their white-bone bones are a sad and warning monument. Never before has the world beheld the like. It was as if the elements, without and within, had conspired to awaken mankind—to shake together, as in a sieve, the nations and races, peradventure for the cleansing of the grain from the chaff.

And what is most remarkable, light and progress to the aggregate of humanity have followed these upheavings. Liberty, reason, and truth have found a wider and still widening utterance. The despotisms of caste and creed have been, and are being, questioned, sifted, and abjured as they were never before. The universal heart of man has been made to hunger and thirst after his age-strangled rights—his heavenly prerogatives. True, reaction here and there may seem to cloud the luminous dawn of the better day, but reactions with peoples once truly awakened, are but pauses in the storm, which must, sooner or later, vent its fury and its fires, and leave the atmosphere pure, and clear, and radiant as the azure heavens by which it is canopied.

And, harkened to your roar, rising in the north! From the Danube to the Don there is a rushing of mailed hosts. As gathers a mighty tempest, which is to shake the firm earth, so gather the followers of the Crescent and the Cross—no holy light gleams in their eyes, but rather a glare, withering, and blinding, and blackening like lightning or the unlooked-for furies. Is there no regenerating spirit, not conceived by Sultan or Czar, firing you angry hosts? Shall only lust for empire and temporal power, or the extinction of some religion, issue from your lurid clouds, death-charged for exterminating encounter. When the awful shock is past, and the fragmentary legions stagger back, bruised and maimed, to die by the blackened graves and hearth-stones of their homes, and great spaces of the earth are red and desolate with the fiery fever of carnage, will no soft wind and balmy dew succeed—no golden light quicken the horror-cinctured earth, even though it were a universal battle-field, and call from its charred bosom new and brighter blooms, among which, in coming time, humanity shall flower with truth, and freedom, and righteousness?

God's purposes are subserved in all things. His ways may seem to us inscrutable, standing as we do on the mortal level; but be assured they are just, and work together for his own glory and the salvation of man. When we shall be uplifted, to look down and abroad upon the record of God's providence, as written all over the universe—a revelation and a gospel that can not change nor fail—we shall behold that, in this, our day, in all these revolutions, the Almighty's hand moved in the storm, guided the encountering elements, determined the issues, and perfected the destinies of our race. We shall behold that myriads of his spirits were participants in the divine drama of the earth; and that all life, however actuated as it may seem to us, contrary to God's will, was—as from the beginning—convergent toward its Creator, drawn thither by chords of irresistible attraction and love, and fulfilling, to the letter, the eternal design. C. D. S.

SPIRITUALISM AT WASHINGTON.

The Editor of the TELEGRAPH is now at the national capital, whither he went on the 22d of March, as the bearer of the Spiritualists' Memorial to Congress, and to deliver two lectures on Spiritualism. When the Memorial will be presented, and by whom, is not yet determined—nor whether it will be first presented to the Senate, or the House of Representatives. There are numerous believers and able advocates of Spiritualism in both bodies. In regard to the lectures we have clipped the following notice from the Washington papers: "SPIRITUALISM."

A lecture on "SPIRITUALISM" will be delivered at Carusi's Saloon, on Thursday and Saturday evenings, March 23d and 25th, at 7½ o'clock, by Professor Brittan, of New York. The high character of Professor Brittan as a scholar and lecturer, as well as the intrinsic merits of the subject, can not fail to command the attention of all who feel an interest in knowing something of the most extraordinary phenomena of the present or of any preceding age. Admission 25 cents, to cover expenses of the hall, etc. Tickets to be had at the door.

N. P. TALLMADGE,
J. R. GIDDINGS,
C. LAURIE, } Committee.

Editorial Correspondence.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON CITY,
Friday, March 24, 1854.

BRO. PARTRIDGE:

I reached Philadelphia about ten o'clock on Wednesday evening. The cars were a little later than usual, owing to the snow storm, which commenced at about the hour of my departure. I soon found myself comfortably disposed of for the night at the La Pierre, which is one of the best hotels in the country. It is clean and beautiful as a palace, and quiet as a private dwelling. I was obliged to take a late supper or none at all. I know your repugnance to late suppers, and it must be conceded that they do not generally inspire pleasant dreams. There is a mysterious and intimate connection between our brains and our stomachs. When the latter are in want—which happens very frequently—they send up a dispatch along the principal sympathetic nerve, which answers the purpose of a telegraph wire, and it is instantly communicated to the members of the "upper house," who thereupon move to adjourn, or, what amounts to the same thing, they adjourn to move. It is not without great difficulty and the most urgent necessity that this action can be prevented or delayed. The motion to "postpone indefinitely" is never "concurrent in," and the motion to "lay on the table" never has the effect to defeat the original motion. The party who presides, and whose function it is to execute the decisions of the body, usually enforces the resolution as soon as it is adopted. For this purpose he connects the electrical batteries with the machinery of locomotion, which is chiefly in the basement story of the building, and the whole establishment, including all the members, moves off at once in the appropriate direction. Sometimes the will imposes a salutary restraint on the claims of the stomach, when the members generally concur in the opinion that its demands are unreasonable; at other times the executive officer is inclined to sleep, and is easily prevailed upon to retire, when the stomach is sure to have a good time in its own way, though it often undertakes more business than it can properly digest.

I have said that late suppers are not adapted to inspire agreeable dreams. Many impressions on the mind, even in sleep, can be directly traced to the peculiarities of our physical condition. When we retire with a full stomach, for example, we are liable to dream that the room is small, and that we are crowded; or, perhaps, that our tailor has made a mistake and cut our vest too small. But all this is more tolerable than the visions which are borne of emptiness. At one time the sleeper dreams of a terrible famine, and hosts of poor creatures, with sharp features and lean forms, pass before him. Then he fancies that he is a balloon, and is kept in shape by nothing more substantial than some impalpable gas. Or he may unexpectedly find himself at the table of a fashionable boarding-house, with a brilliant display of clean plates and polished cutlery, but not much to eat.

I am here reminded of a friend who is quite disposed to regard the decisions of his "lower house" as of paramount authority. He was once sold for going to bed with an empty stomach. I am sure he was not properly responsible for the deed, for he acted from necessity rather than choice. An earnest remonstrance was, however, forwarded "from down below" to the proper department, but it arrived too late; the session for that day was over, and the members had retired for the night. However, the subordinate powers would not be still, but continued, all night long, to call for "further appropriations." There was "a gone sensation" at the stomach, and that was the subject of a continuous communication, which was rapped out at the sensorium as with the abrupt emphasis of an auctioneer's hammer. It was in this manner that my friend was sold; for what was primitively a sensation ultimately became an intelligible language, and he heard a loud voice saying, "Going, going, gone!" The idea of being sold startled him, and he awoke to rejoice in the consciousness that he was still his own proprietor, and that the breakfast hour had arrived.

When I took up my pen I had no thought of a disquisition on the philosophy of dreaming, and know not how I happened to get into that channel, unless it be owing to the circumstance that the first part of my journey was not characterized by any incident that would serve as the staple for a paragraph.

INTRODUCED BY THE SPIRITS.—I left the La Pierre at nine o'clock, and took my seat in the cars for Baltimore. An interesting incident occurred, which should not be omitted in this letter. The cars had not yet left the depot, and I was occupying a seat alone. The other seats around and near me were filled. Several gentlemen passed through the car, but manifested no disposition to share my seat. At length a young man whom I had never seen before, and of whose existence I had no previous knowledge, came in and deliberately seated himself by my side. He had not been there three minutes before I received a distinct impression that he was a medium. To test the correctness of my impression, I mentally requested that if the strange gentleman were a medium, some Spirit would shake his right hand. In a moment he appeared to be resisting some foreign influence, his hand was spasmodically moved several times, and his eyes closed. Turning toward him, I said, "Sir, I perceive that you are a Spirit-medium." He at once admitted that he was, and that he had started for Washington by direction of the Spirits. The gentleman's name is PARDEE, and his home is in Philadelphia.

No other incident worth mentioning occurred on the route to this city. I arrived here at half-past five o'clock, and found Ex-governor Tallmadge and Frank L. Burr, Esq., at the depot waiting my arrival.

All day long the weather was as fickle as a capricious young lady who laughs, and frowns, and weeps all in the same hour; ever and anon smiling for a moment with such a genial warmth that we almost fancy all the flowers of the tropics are ready to bloom in our hearts; and then, suddenly, frowning in anger and raising such a breeze as ultimates in slamming all the doors in the house. Just such a breeze was raised last evening at the precise hour of my lecture. It was not the first time that the elements and your humble servant have made a simultaneous effort. The coincidence has been frequent of late. During my recent visit to Boston a storm prevailed continually. Moreover, it was predicted through a medium, by a Spirit who was evidently in a facetious mood, that the lectures here, and the presentation of the Memorial, would occasion an unusual movement of the elements; but we did not anticipate so literal a fulfillment of the prophecy. Nevertheless, the rains descended, and the winds blew, and of course many of the people remained where they were—in elegant

drawing-rooms and parlors. The audience, however, was respectable in numbers, and eminently so in mental endowments and social position.

The influence of Messrs. Tallmadge, Giddings, Burr, Cunningham, Preuss, Laurie, and others, is doing much to call public attention to the claims of Spiritualism in this city. They are men of moral courage, who will never barter freedom and manhood to secure the patronage of the government or the applause of the people.

Faithfully, thine, S. B. BRITTAN.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW VOLUME.

On the first of May the TELEGRAPH will commence a new volume, entering upon its third year. Two years of its existence are almost ended, and it is a fact that will be as gratifying, we hope, to our friends as it is to ourselves, that the enterprise entered upon by us two years ago, for the better dissemination of spiritual facts and philosophy, has been sustained in every point of view. We have had the fullest faith in the work before us, and in the conduct of the TELEGRAPH in the future we shall spare no endeavor to entitle it to the favor and support it has thus far received. Indeed, our endeavor will be, as it has been, to render its columns more and more interesting and worthy of regard among the advocates and friends of Spiritualism, from whose fast increasing ranks we hope, with the commencement of the new volume, to add many subscribers to its list. Our exchanges, correspondence, and means of personal communication with the Spiritual movement, enable us to compass all intelligence of general interest in connection with the cause; and this we shall promptly present to the readers of the TELEGRAPH. In addition, able writers will be regularly employed upon its columns, which we hope to make desirable to every Spiritualist in the land. We give this early notice in order that those who wish to subscribe may do so with the commencement of the new volume.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS LYDIA BAKER, of Corsicana, Nevado Co., Texas, writes that she has had a communication with what purported to be the spirit of an Indian chief, who indicated the spot where he was buried, as he said, in a sitting posture, with stones around him, and stated that the close proximity of a house which had subsequently been built there gave him annoyance, and that he wished the house removed. For the purpose of compensating the owner of the house for its removal, he indicated the precise spot where (he said) money had been buried. Our correspondent thinks that if search were to be made in the places indicated, and the discoveries happened to be such as to verify the communication, the fact would greatly tend to convince the skeptical in that section of the country, of the reality of spiritual intercourse; but she laments that she has not the pecuniary ability to prosecute these investigations. For ourselves, we have not much faith in the success of money-digging projects, as incited by Spirits or Clairvoyants (unless the money is first sought in the products of the potato field); but where an experiment of the kind can be tried without any material sacrifice, we would not discourage any one from trying it. Even a negative result of such a test would be of some satisfaction, if not attended by too great a depletion of the purse; whereas a confirmation, by that means, of the Spirit's declarations would powerfully demonstrate the reality of intercourse with the other world.

MR. HERSCHEL FOSTER, of Mendon, St. Joseph Co., Mich., writes us a long communication respecting what he at first supposed to be discrepancies between the teachings of A. J. Davis and the Bible. Being a firm believer in the Bible himself, he at first experienced some reluctance to identify himself with the cause of Spiritualism in view of teachings which he supposed were so generally recognized by its friends and advocates; but being a medium himself, he supposes that a "seal" was subsequently opened to him, by which means he discovered that he and Mr. Davis were both right. He says: "I see the point at which the converging roads come together, where my infidel friends and myself strike hands in harmony, while yet I have no occasion to relinquish my faith in revelation." This discovery leads him to think that the progress of Spiritualism "will not and can not retard that of Christianity; but instead of that, while it strips it of some of the lumber which a superstitious church and ministry have burdened it with, it is left so clearly reasonable, and so easy of comprehension, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein." By this new revelation our correspondent professes to see that Spiritualism, so far from really tending to infidelity, opens for its believers "a door into another kingdom, where they may see their way to a divine Saviour," and he adds, "I am satisfied that if this seal could once be opened to Mr. Davis himself, he would never again object to the Christian faith," though he might object to some doctrines that pass as orthodox.

MR. THOMAS BROWN, an aged gentleman, writing from New Berlin, N. Y., gives us an account of curious spiritual experiences which he has occasionally had, the first occurring so long ago as the year 1797. They consisted of rappings in his presence, of seeing Spirits in open daylight, and of prophetic dreams. In one instance he saw two females dressed in white standing in the open door of a deserted house, apparently engaged in earnest conversation. He was at the time standing twelve rods in front of the house, with no intervening object between him and it to obscure the sight; but when he advanced to and entered the house, the figures had disappeared and could not be found, and all things remained as he had left them only a few minutes before. Our correspondent then proceeds to relate a remarkable spiritual dream which occurred to him many years ago, and a part of which seems to have been strikingly prophetic of the spiritual unfoldings of this time; but we have not room for his account in full.

MRS. L. B. KNIGHT, of Oakfield, Michigan, writes us concerning some facts in her experience as a medium. Their chief peculiarity consisted of assaults, in one or two instances, by unfriendly influences from the other world, and her complete relief from them obtained by means of prayer. If our sister's conscience will permit her to lay aside formalities, as she intimates in another part of her letter, we trust she will not neglect to cultivate an ever-increasing appreciation of holy realities. Thus she will truly "let her light shine."

THE BEAUTIFUL.—Lovers of the beautiful will, of course, enjoy the annual picture exhibition of the Academy of Design, now open. Owing to the sale of the Academy premises, to be vacated on the 1st of May, the exhibition will continue but one month. The Academy is on Broadway, opposite Bond Street.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

CONFERENCE OF MARCH 23.—Dr. Young opened the Conference at this office, on Thursday evening of last week, by reading and commenting on a letter giving account of remarkable facts proving spiritual intercourse. Mr. Partridge related and commented upon the substance of two or three letters concerning various spiritual matters, which he had received. One of these letters referred to statements given by Spirits concerning buried treasures in a certain place. Mr. Fishbourn arose, and, following out the latter theme, related some curious accounts of treasure-hunting under Spirit-direction, the most singular features of which accounts related to the strange psychological illusions to which the diggers were subjected by the Spirits who were supposed to have guarded the hidden treasures. The speaker thought that hidden money, having no legitimate earthly owner, was, in general, under such spiritual guardianship as would necessarily prevent it from being procured except for the equal benefit of the race, and he discouraged attempts of individuals to procure such treasures for their own private purposes. Mr. McDONALD, of St. Louis, gave accounts of phenomena which he had witnessed in St. Louis, Illinois, and elsewhere. He mentioned, with other things, the case of a blind man who had come to St. Louis, and visited a medium, through whose manipulations, under Spirit-influence, his sight was soon so far restored as to leave him little difficulty on that score. Mr. LEVI spoke of the general failures of attempts to convince old people of the reality of spiritual manifestations, but of their incredulity being sometimes overcome by appeals to natural principles. He instanced the cases of Robert Owen and others. Mr. McDONALD said that his father was seized with an influence which purported to be spiritual, and which compelled him to pound the table with the utmost violence for half an hour, and until one of the bones of his fingers was broken, and he was then with difficulty restrained from further injuring himself, by four men, and yet he would not believe in the spirituality of the agent of the movements. Mr. TAPPAN TOWNSEND related several other cases of Spirit-personation. Mr. McDONALD stated a case in which a pressure apparently equal to one hundred and fifty pounds had been made upon his foot by an invisible power, and asked for an explanation of the manner in which Spirits could produce such a result? Dr. Young thought that all power was resolvable, at the ultimate analysis, to the will of God. Mr. Fishbourn explained and enforced the theory that all power, under the direct and personal action of the Divine Power, may be referred to the specific life or love-elements of the particular things with which the power is connected; that there are discrete gradations of this power, ascending from the lowest or the cosmic life, whose power is gravitation, to the life of the human spirit whose power is volition, and that the highest power is capable of controlling all the inferior ones—that the human spirit, therefore, is capable of volitionally controlling gravitation and the natural fluidity of the atmosphere, and pressing on one's foot with a column of temporarily solidified air, or producing almost any other phenomena of physical movement. The Conference then adjourned.

REMARKABLE PREMONITIONS.—Of the following occurrences we have been informed by an intelligent connection of the family in which they took place; but in submitting them to our readers we are requested to withhold names. In a village, some forty miles distant from this city, resided a little family consisting of father, mother, and a little son, who were all, in the short space of a few months, swept off by disease. Before the death of the mother, who was the last of the three that departed from the visible form, she was frequently conscious in her dreams that the Spirit of her little boy was hovering over her, with other Spirits, in the form of a little bird, and inviting her to come where he was; but when she would put out her hands to take hold of him, he would recede from her reach. The lady, being somewhat out of health, but not considered as in any immediate danger, concluded to go and spend a couple of weeks with her parents who only lived a few rods distant. Her mother (or rather step-mother) accordingly set to work to prepare a room for her. The preparations being finished, she was about to leave the room to go down stairs, when, as she came to the door, she turned and looked back and saw the bed which she had just arranged neatly with a white counterpane, presenting the exact appearance of a dead person lying upon it! She was so unpleasantly struck with the appearance that she went back to the bed and "tumbled it all up." The daughter came and took possession of the room, and about ten days afterward she died upon that bed. After her Spirit had taken its flight, and while the family were in great grief, the step-mother was about to leave the room for some purpose, but looked round when she got at the door, and saw the bed, with a lifeless form lying upon it, presenting precisely the appearance that had struck her so unpleasantly when she had prepared it some days before! The lady, being a strict member of an orthodox church, had never been a believer in Spirit-warnings or any thing of that sort, and after deranging the appearance of the bed at the time first referred to, thought no more of the matter until this actual realization of the scene first presented; but now, being much startled with the exactitude of the representation, she could not forbear mentioning the facts to those who were present. The foregoing phenomena being afterward mentioned to the physician of the family, who is also a strict member of an orthodox church, he declared that he was daily conscious of the presence of the Spirit of his recently deceased wife, to whom he was very much attached.

A SPIRIT-CHILD'S SIGNAL.—The following incidents lately occurred in a family in this city, who were not believers in spiritual manifestations. We are requested to suppress names, but the account itself may be relied on. The family lately lost a little girl on whom they had devoted very much. Before her death, the child had been in the habit of frequently coming to the door of the room where her mother and the rest of the family were seated, and giving it a succession of gentle taps, and playing a lady-that-had-come-to-see them; and they would always indulge her childish fancies, and arise and let her in. Some weeks after the child's death, as the mother, one evening, was seated, with one or two others, in her room, those same gentle raps were heard upon the door. They responded, "Come in." No one, however, entered, but presently the same raps were repeated. The mother then immediately opened the door, but no one was to be seen in the hall or anywhere near. The servant, who was in the basement, and was the only person then in the house beside those who were in that room, was then called and asked whether she had been upon stairs, or had knocked at that door, but she answered that she had not. Afterward the father came home, and went to bed, nothing being said to him that might concerning the rappings that had occurred on the door. The next morning, immediately after he awoke, he heard the same gentle tapings on his head-board. Struck with their exact resemblance to the tapings which the little girl had been in the habit of making upon the door, he awoke his wife and told her about them. She then told him what had occurred on the evening previous, and not knowing how else to account for the phenomena, they received them as an intimation that their beloved little child, though unseen, was still near them, and as loving as ever.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE SPIRITS.—A Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce states that notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Catholic priesthood, the Emperor and Empress of France had several interviews with the Spirits through a Parisian medium, and that they seemed delighted with the affair. At one interview a Spirit took occasion to administer some severe reproof to the emperor for some of his past public acts, and to denounce terrible calamities upon him if he did not carry himself pretty straight for the future. It is said that the empress considered the nature of the communication as a confirmation of its spiritual origin, very reasonably supposing that if the medium had any control over it, care would have been taken to exclude from it all such impressions as might possibly give offense.

SKETCHES OF A CASE IN—Somewhat over a year ago, the Hon. Francis Coggswell, a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, formally presented a proposition before that body, "That the Education Committee consider what legislation, if any, was necessary to protect the ignorant and credulous from the delusive acts of 'Spirit-rappers,' so called, whose blasphemous assumptions are fearfully engrossing the minds of a large portion of the community, producing insanity, robbing men of their property, etc." The order also proposed to make it a "penal offense for the owner or lessee of any building" in that commonwealth, "to let the same or any part thereof, for the purpose of holding the blasphemous meetings of the Spirit-rappers." After Mr. C. had strenuously urged the adoption of this order, Rev. John Prince, another member, and who was a believer in Spiritism, proposed as an amendment that the parties most implicated, viz. the Spirits themselves, should be cited to appear in their own defense. The bill was unanimously rejected. A short time ago, to the astonishment of every one, who should appear before the Boston Spiritual Conference but this same Mr. Coggswell! He there stated that the moment he presented the above order before the Legislature, he concluded to investigate the subject to which it related, and that that investigation had resulted in an entire conviction of the reality of spiritual intercourse. We thank our friend C. H. White for communicating to us the foregoing particulars.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

TUESDAY, March 23, 1854.

Dr. GRAY cited again the subject of individual representatives, for the purpose of proving the personal idea of God. His remarks, together with the spiritual communications that gave rise to them, will be given hereafter.

Mr. Young said he could not see the force of the argument. He would worship God as an unknown. He could not invest the idea with personality.

Mr. PRAY, after stating some facts in his experience, said we must bear with each other in all things, especially in the attempts we make to express our ideas of God. He thinks we should abandon the consideration of causes. We are in the sphere of effects, the causes of which are beyond our reach. Let us study effects as our appropriate field of labor, and not attempt to fathom causes in this sphere. He regards God as omnipresent, as being the Author of all things and of all thought; but we can know nothing of him definitely, though we may feel his existence and presence. He spoke of the Spirit-manifestations and of the yet unborn science to be unfolded by them. From the little light that had already dawned upon his mind with regard to it, he was satisfied its full discovery would make us treat the books, and creeds, and sciences that now exist as of small value comparatively.

Mr. LEVI arose to say that he was opposed to the discussion of the Deity. His idea is, that God is simply the grand science of the universe. Mr. STUART, after some remarks as to his personal health and history, recited a spiritual idea of the subject under consideration, given him on a previous occasion. But the argument seemed to leave the subject about where it was. Mr. S. said, as far as he knows, Spirits have not attempted to describe God as a personality in the sense in which we understand the word, nor have they found one yet. They say man's power of mind is unable to grasp the great infinite idea, and bring it out to the sensuous world clothed with perfect rationality. Every man is to himself the only revelation of God he can possibly have, and even then within himself there is mystery to the clearest insight. So of heaven and so of hell; they can only be realized within the soul. Mr. S. concluded with some remarks on the purpose or mission of Spiritism, the great purpose of which being to develop man's spiritual nature so as to enable him to speak with his angel brothers and sisters face to face, and to be in more constant communion with the upper spheres.

Mr. FARNSWORTH said he did not take the stand to make a speech, but he was pressed there by some power without himself. When he spoke last he was undecided—"on the fence," and he did not know whether he had gotten off yet wholly; though as to the main fact, that the Spirits of departed friends come back and hold converse with us, and give tests of their identity, he had no more doubts than he had of his own. He recited many details of his own experience—had been developed lately as a speaking medium—had been made to utter many things, some of them, he thought, very silly; but whatever they were, he was sure he did not speak from himself. One of the impressions he has received is, that Spirits do not come to teach creeds and dogmas of theology, but rather to free men from them—to take the subject of immortality out of the shadowy and changing realm of faith, and place it in the solid and eternal domain of fact. He held that any religion, Christian, Jewish, or Mohammedan—any Paganism, with its Pantheon of Gods—was better than the careless and sensual faith and consequent life of the mere worldly. A life of piety in a faith full of errors is better, in this world and in the next, than the negative indifference of the unbeliever. He was troubled at times with doubts and turns of despondency, one of which occurred this afternoon. He retired to his room and prayed earnestly for relief. During this prayer he raised his eyes to the ceiling, and beheld a vision which not only dispelled his doubts, but filled his soul with unutterable joy.

Mr. ——— related at some length the history of a supposed new discovery, through the aid of Spirits, in mental telegraphing. He thought the proprietor, Mr. M'Allister, would be able to verify the fact to the world in a few months.

Mr. WILLIAMS expressed his gratification at the evidence presented to his mind in this Conference of the great progress made in Spiritism since his last visit to New York. There was a great contrast in numbers between the little band that then met in Bond Street and this large assembly. He also found a still more gratifying evidence of increased knowledge and freedom among the New York Spiritualists. He spoke at some length on the fulfillment of prophecy in this movement.

Mr. DAVIS took the stand at a late hour in the evening, and related some of his ideas of the Deity. He recited an early experience on that point. He had written questions, and numbered them one, two, three, etc., and in the presence of a medium, with the questions unopened and in his pocket, he asked answers, referring to them only by number. The answers were tests, being all pertinent to the questions asked. They were all on the subject of Deity. Spirits with whom he had communicated had generally allied with them God was synonymous with love; that when they said God commanded them to do so and so, they meant simply that love impelled them to the action or duty to be performed. He did not think that prayer or worship, in the popular sense, was of much value. He had been happier while a materialist, with no belief of a future, either good or bad, than he was through the praying dispensation in which he had been brought up; for when he believed in prayer, he believed in hell, and the "smoke of its torments" would mingle at times with the incense of worship, and make him unhappy. He thinks no man who really "loves his neighbor as himself" can believe that dogma. Certainly no man can believe it and be happy. He was not so aspiring as some men, while they were rejecting all that did not come from Deity direct, refusing converse with all but the highest order of Spirits (just as our codfish aristocracy turn up their noses at a mechanic or laborer). He was willing to take a lower stand—to talk with his friends—with those he loved while on earth, though they might not be in the seventh sphere of knowledge or the seventh heaven of wisdom. He concluded by relating some interesting physical manifestations which occurred to-day in a circle at Mrs. Brown's, in Twenty-sixth Street. A hand, invisible, but palpable to the touch, was placed upon his foot, and the raps were made as if one finger of the hand was elevated upon the others, and then brought down forcibly and distinctly upon the foot.

R. P. AMBLER AT ST. LOUIS.

We have just received a note from our good brother, announcing the fact that he has received and accepted an invitation from the Spiritualists at St. Louis, Mo., to settle with them in the capacity of a public lecturer on the spiritual philosophy. It is not without feelings of sincere regret, on the part of Bro. Ambler and his friends in this vicinity, that he leaves us for a home in the West; but the new field of labor presents many attractions which must alleviate, at least on his part, the pain occasioned by the separation. Our best wishes for the success of Br. A., and for the health and happiness of his family, will go with them to their new home. We can assure our friends in St. Louis that they are extremely fortunate in securing the services of one so competent to commend the truth to general acceptance, both by the logic and eloquence displayed in his public efforts and by the force of a correct example.

After the first of April, all communications, etc., intended for Bro. Ambler, should be addressed to him at St. Louis.

SPIRITUALISM IN PERSIA.

The Tribune of March 22 published a letter from a Vienna correspondent, who says that the rappings and various other Spirit-manifestations have appeared, not only in the Austrian capital, but as far east as Persia. We quote an extract from the letter in part:

The Tischklopfen (table-rappings) have also found their way to the imperial city, although they do not operate upon the slow and deliberative Germans in the same manner as they affect the more excitable Americans. On the whole, there is something in the *Grüßelklopfen* (Spirit-rappings) which exactly suits the transcendentalism of the Germans. A few days since I had a long sitting with Bibesco, the oracle of those things in Vienna. I hear of no other results, good or bad, from the same than that a few fortunate lottery tickets have been bought after consulting the Spirits, and that certain ladies more than a thousand weeks old (the German of sweet seventeen) have consulted them upon questions concerning their future. A friend, who has a monomania for Oriental affairs, read to me, a few nights since, from a Persian newspaper, that the Spirits are also doing their work at Teheran, the capital of that empire.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EDMONDS AND DEXTER AT LE ROY.

Le Roy, N. Y., March 18, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: We have had a visit from Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter. Their appointment for this place was for the 15th and 16th inst. They had notified us, however, that they could only lecture one evening.

On the evening of the 15th the Judge was so unwell he was unable to lecture, but we had the pleasure of hearing one from the Doctor that was listened to with the most earnest attention. The philosophy of Spirit-intercourse with the inhabitants of earth was presented by the speaker in such a clear and convincing manner, that much good must result from it.

The Judge, feeling better on the morning of the 16th, informed us that he would stay and speak in the evening; but many who had come in from the surrounding country to hear that able and self-sacrificing defender and expounder of the truth had gone home much disappointed.

Those who did hear him will never forget him, nor the occasion, nor the great truths urged upon them for their consideration. His manner and method are well calculated to induce his hearers to reflect, investigate, and know for themselves that of a truth Spirits do commune with man, not for the purpose of gratifying an idle curiosity, but for the nobler and higher purpose of teaching him how to live in this sphere of existence, that he may enjoy the society of the good in the spheres beyond the grave.

The clergy of the place had done and said all they could to prevent their people from going to hear them, and I am sorry to say they succeeded pretty well, for the audiences, though large, were mostly composed of that class of minds who have been unable to comprehend the plan of salvation as taught by the orthodox systems, and who have been struggling up and down the ocean of life, seeking a haven where their anxious and weary spirits might find rest.

I will mention one or two things to show the nature of the opposition we had to do with. Wishing to get a suitable place for them to lecture in, we applied for the use of University Hall, connected with the Female Seminary, but it was refused, because it might injure the reputation of the school. An effort was then made to get one of the churches. Some two or three years ago, a dissatisfied branch of the Presbyterians built a church called the Congregational church, and when procuring contributions for building it, it was said it was to be free for the discussion of all religious and moral subjects. A petition was therefore drawn up, and presented to the trustees, signed by a large and respectable number of those who had contributed to its erection. The petition stated, I believe, that the house was wanted for Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter to lecture in, and when it was presented the subject of the lecture was stated to them by men of truth and respectability; but they said, "No; we can not let you have it, because you have not stated in the petition what you want to use it for."

Again, on the Sabbath previous to the lecture, some of the clergy denounced Spiritualism and its believers in no very Christian terms, and appointed meetings in all the churches for both evenings the Judge and the Doctor were to be here. I mention these things with regret, and am sorry that so much effort should have been made to shut out the light of truth from the minds of many who, but for the shackles of sectarianism, would have attended the lectures.

But I feel that our prayer for them should be, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Yours, truly, J. SUMMERFIELD.

MR. LUTHER BURT, MEDICAL MEDIUM.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: Having been passing a few weeks at Walpole, N. H., I was induced to call on Mr. Burt. I found him a hale, hearty old farmer, with the exception of the remains of an attack of rheumatism.

He informed me that for the last year and a half he has been under the influence of spiritual power, and has devoted all his time and pecuniary means to procuring and dispensing medicines for those who are ailing. Being at leisure, I remained with him a few days, and witnessed the *modus operandi* by which he is influenced.

At times, while at home, he is acted upon so as to compel him to go to his receptacle for herbs, roots, etc., which is quite extensive, and there his hands are moved to take parcels from different piles, bind them up, then to take his horse and wagon, and follow the direction of his invisible conductors, which is indicated to him by his hand pointing the way. Sometimes he travels miles in this way ere he arrives at the termination of his journey, where he invariably finds an invalid for whom the medicines are prepared; and what is more strange, the invalid is prepared to receive his prescription! and in several instances this has been in cases where the patient has been pronounced incurable, and they can now be seen pursuing their daily avocations more robust than before.

Almost every mail brings him letters from all parts of the Union, since his great power of healing has been made known through the circulation of your paper.

My object in writing at this time is to inform you of the manner in which his correspondents are answered, and they can then see clearly why their letters are not in all cases attended to.

When he has leisure from his numerous calls of invalids or his friends (whom he must attend to first, as many come from a great distance), and from cases near his residence, he lays his letters—which this day (March 4th) amounts, as I am informed, to between twenty and thirty—before him. His hand is then moved to take one or more, and their medicines pointed out and sent off. He tells me that he is often forced to take the last received instead of those which have been on hand for weeks. This will account to many of his correspondents why their letters are not answered sooner.

There is another reason why some are not attended to at all; but I think your paper will not be likely to reach that class. He tells me that in some instances there have been letters sent to him which he has not been allowed to open; they have been thrown from his hand with great force, and in one case, if not more, he has been compelled to burn a letter unopened, before the influence would leave him.

In some instances, though he could not read them himself, some member of his family or a friend has done so, and they have generally been found to be of minor importance—perhaps inquiring how he can tell what ails a person if not present, or letters of curiosity, and perhaps some love, insulting communication.

Low, indeed, must be the mind that can insult in this way an honest man, who has devoted his whole time for the last year and a half to the relief of the distressed, without fee or reward, except in the consciousness of having done his duty.

We have heard much of Mr. Burt through private channels, and have abundant reasons to believe that he is a highly conscientious man, and eminently useful in his capacity as a healing medium.—Ed.

MISS KATHARINE FOX, from Rochester, well known as one of the original family who first heard the rappings, and one of the most powerful rapping mediums, has opened her rooms at the Waverly House, corner of Broadway and Fourth Street, where she receives visitors from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M., and from 8 to 10 P.M. Those who desire to investigate the subject will do well to attend her receptions.

LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN.

Bloomington, Jan. 7, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: Gentles—Pleased with the liberal spirit and progressive tendencies of the TELEGRAPH, I venture through its columns, if permitted, to say a few words to my old friends the Christian—or Campbellite profession. I am the more anxious to do this, as it is widely circulated among them—1st, that I am insane, and 2d, that I am an infidel. For upward of twenty years I have been a preacher in the so-called Campbellite ranks—have been zealous, as was the good Paul, when a Pharisee—have a large circle of acquaintances in Virginia, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Among these I have, or once had, many warm personal friends, and I wish to say to these particularly, and to all generally, that my change of position and sentiment have diminished naught from my unfeigned affection. Nay, that my appreciation and love is still more attractive, and truth still more omnipotent.

To the first charge, I reply, that we are not always the best judges of our own sanity, and I, therefore, without argument, leave that charge to the unfoldings of time. But to the charge of infidelity I have somewhat to say at present, and more anon.

If infidelity implies disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible, or of the Christian institution, then I emphatically dissent; but if the epithet be applicable to one who does not receive the error, the superstition, and the mythology along with the truth, the religion, and the theology, then I plead guilty. I accept as high authority the injunction, "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

I BELIEVE IN THE UNITY OF TRUTH, THE FRATERNITY OF MAN, THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, AND THE SUPREMACY OF GOD. To antagonistic deities I am infidel. I do not believe that man ever fell, but that he has been ever rising. By following his footsteps from savagism to civilization, we have the argument. I believe that causes are always anterior to effects; consequently, that Adam's sin did not bring death into the world. Please read the evidence written on the indestructible pages of the earth's inner strata. All human souls are, I believe, unfolded from the exhaustless fountain—Deity. They are inherently pure, and destined to progress forever. "To the soul sin is excusable," and in its growth and unfolding, thus, as the malaria that floats in the atmosphere, is repulsed from the healthy system, will be forever neutralized by the influx of angelic wisdom. Still man must reap what he sows, for the Deity has enacted no arbitrary laws whereby the sinner may escape from his responsibilities.

Man will, I believe, grow better as he is surrounded with better circumstances, and better thoughts will ultimate in better deeds. Total depravity, original sin, endless misery, and a literal lake of fire, are the notions of superstitious minds. We begin to breathe an atmosphere in which such ideas can not live. It is well for us to be thankful and joyful in prospect of our high, glorious, and holy destiny; but to remember, likewise, that to escape the consequences of sin, we must cease sinning—leave it behind, as Paul did Judaism, "by entering on the high-road of love and wisdom." Some friend inquires here, "If thus you believe and disbelieve, how can you admit the inspiration of the Bible?" I will explain: Inspiration does not, necessarily, imply infallibility. Through the inspired utterances of Moses, the best rule of right was, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy;" but a more advanced mind, in after ages, unfolded a better inspiration and a more attractive love. Jesus said, "Resist not the injurious. Love your enemies," etc. To the inspired conceptions of Moses, the Deity was the God of armies, of battles, and of slaughter. He was exclusively the God of Israel—partial, vengeful, and jealous; but Jesus comprehended him as a God of love—as no respecter of persons, but causing his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sending rain on the just and on the unjust."

In an age of barbarism, THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD came upon Sampson, and with a rude instrument he slew a thousand men. The man of sympathy and love, in behalf of a people less ignorant than were the undeveloped Philistines, plead, in extenuation of their guilt, IGNORANCE, saying, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

But the time would fail me to speak of Joshua, and David, and Solomon, and Elijah, and the prophets who committed cruelties and injustices IN THE NAME OF THE LORD, revolting to humanity, and wholly incompatible with the labors and teachings of the man of Galvary. What say you? Shall we receive it all as THE INFALLIBLE WORD OF GOD, or shall we try to separate the truth from the error? Let REASON respond—the inquiry, P. G. YOUNG.

ANNOUNCEMENTS BY SPIRITS.

HALCYONDALE, Jan. 22, 1854.

DEAR BROTHERS: I have just returned from the grave of my grandfather, whither I accompanied his earthly remains. Early on yesterday evening I was apprised by the Spirits at my table that he was in a dying condition; but being unwell, I did not go to his house. I awoke at six o'clock this morning, and summoned two aged servants who stay with me. I said to them: "My grandfather is dead—he died at precisely four o'clock last night." "Yes," replied one of them, "I heard he died, but he had not heard at what hour." At eight o'clock my father came; he informed me that my grandfather was dead. "Yes," said I, "he died at four o'clock last night," and I told him the Spirits had informed me. When he looked doubtfully, I proposed to tell at what hour he had left the house of my grandfather, and the table raised up five times—five o'clock. "Yes," said he, "that was the hour I left."

Now, on my honor, I declare that no person told me of his death; that he lived nearly two miles from my house; that I saw nobody to tell me; and that this happened as I say.

God in heaven directs this thing for his own glory and the happiness of his creatures. It may be that mistakes may occur, owing to a defect in the mind or will of the mediums; but in this case, I declare that I was informed of the hour of his death and the hour of my father's departure. My father and two servants will testify to these things. Thanks to God for his revelations. Here Spiritualism spreads everywhere.

Truly, CUYLER W. YOUNG.

AN INCIDENT.

PATERSON, N. J., March 17, 1854.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH: An incident of a remarkable character took place in the North Ward of this city a few days since, and which I think worthy of putting on record. A little girl, about eight years old, daughter of an esteemed friend of the writer, who deceased about four years since, was for a few minutes left alone in the house, near the evening. She was engaged in some domestic occupation at the fire, and on turning round, saw a beautiful babe lying upon the floor. As she gazed earnestly at it, the babe opened its eyes, and arose on its feet, and approached the wondering and timid girl, who retreated around a table which was standing in the middle of the room. The babe, looking earnestly at the girl, said, in a voice which seemed to the girl to sound as if issuing from a hollow vessel or tube, "Oh, death! where is thy sting!" This increased the fears of the girl, and she escaped from the house, ran across the street, and informed the neighbors of what had transpired. There can be no doubt of the truthfulness of the child, but what can we say of the occurrence?

TO THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESSION ABROAD.

ACBURN, Feb. 27, 1854.

BROTHERS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN: I am requested by the vote of a meeting held in our hall in this city last evening, to ask you to publish the names of the following gentlemen, as a committee of correspondence of the *International Circle of Spiritualists* for the ensuing year: Avery Babbet, Charles Coventry, Lanson Bush, and John H. Allen; to each or all of whom any communications may be addressed, touching the objects of the association and the cause of general reform and progression.

By giving the above notice an insertion in the TELEGRAPH, you may be instrumental in promoting the cause of truth, and will certainly increase the obligations which the friends in this place are already under for the exercise of that generosity which has permitted us to occupy so much of the columns of your valuable paper.

As ever, yours, for advancement, JOHN H. ALLEN.

EXCITING RUMOR.—A rumor came by the last European steamer to the effect that the Turkish force at Kalafat, some 30,000, had been overcome and massacred by the Russians. We hope and believe the rumor is devoid of truth.

HYDROSCOPIA is the name of a new art developed in Paris, to wit, the art of evoking phantoms by means of a pail of water. We have seen no explanation of the processes.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS is delivering a course of lectures at Rochester.

GONE TO THE ANGEL-WORLD.

The subjoined communication is the affectionate utterance of a young lady who is greatly beloved by her friends, and was written on the occasion of her mother's departure for the world of Spirits. She almost worshipped that mother, and the dearest and most sacred memories still cluster about her name and the scenes which were once sanctified by her presence. From an accompanying note, written by an elder sister, we make a brief extract:

Our mother was one of earth's rarest gems, and her departure from the home so blessed by her presence, and from the children who so idolized her, has been to us a severe trial; and we feel that nothing save the bright faith which we cherish could have sustained us. In her last moments on earth our beloved parent expressed her entire convictions of the truth of Spiritualism. Her eyes were frequently turned upward with an earnest gaze, and when asked, "Mother, what do you see?" "Beautiful pictures," was always the reply. Thus we felt assured that there was given to her visions of the celestial home which she would soon behold in all its transcendent beauty. With the best wishes for the prosperity of your paper, which we as Spiritualists deem to be invaluable,

I am, very respectfully, yours, P. L. M.

MY MOTHER.

The shadow has fallen—fallen gently, lovingly, and the glory of the celestial home dawns upon a new-born soul. For three and fifty years it had wandered on the earth, and every cloud that ever loomed darkly upon a human soul had overshadowed it. But, oh! can my weak spirit imagine the excess of joy and peace that thrill the unfettered one now? There was joy in heaven that night. How must every heart in the angelic spheres have vibrated when that world-weary one was freed!

I entered my mother's room, and saw the end was very near—the battle almost ended—the victory almost won. Her breathing was more faint and difficult, but the pain of the body no longer affected the Spirit. I heard the music of angel voices; I felt soft arms enfolding me; I heard words of such rapturous meaning—such heavenly comfort. *Hold her back*, when her ear had already heard the song of rejoicing ringing through the heavens, and murmuring afar-off like the sound of many waters? *Hold her back*, when her eye had already seen the glory glimmering on the white brows of the angel-messengers, and the soft pinions that were to float with her to that home, the glory of which it "hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive?" *Hold her back*, when the tempest-tossed bark had almost reached the haven of eternal rest; when her feet were just ready to spring to the shore of everlasting peace, and her early friends all clustered there ready to greet her with the joy which only angel-hearts can feel? When father, mother, husband, sisters, and brothers were standing with outstretched arms to receive her? *Hold her back then?* Bring her again to a world whose sweetest music has been turned to discord; whose gleams of light and joy are shadowed so soon? Snatch the weary life-bark from the blissful shore? Put back the arms ready to embrace her—arms mighty to shield her from evil, and take her again to ours? Bring her back to an existence which we know

— still must be, as it ever has been, Blended with such crushing misery!"

No, no! not though a hundred hearts like ours should bend and break; not though a hundred souls like mine should be lonely and desolate. And why, my heart, shouldst thou be lonely and desolate? Because the light of thy mother's love cometh no more like sunlight?

"Look above! 'tis burning brighter Than the very stars in heaven, And to light thy dangerous pathway, All its new-found glory's given."

Are there not those having a claim upon thy love still lingering here? Are there not many voices calling to thee from the many paths of earth, "Come hither, you are wanted?" Is there not a work for you to do? Oh, then, go cheerfully onward, waiting hopefully for the time when the sweeter voices in the upper air shall whisper, "Come up higher." Will the summons be less welcome then, because you have not sunk weakly down a prey to grief now? Will the greeting on that happier shore be less rapturous, because you have gone tranquilly on in your life-journey? Will her smile be less bright and beautiful because, you have been joyous and happy after she was gone? Will her heart love you less because your gleeful laughter rang through her earth-home when her deep sigh of pain no longer quivered there? No, no! my heart; be all the more joyful because of her deep joy; be all the more peaceful because of her eternal peace!

MADGE.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1854.

IDEOLOGY.

The philosophers of modern date have insisted that nothing is in reality material; that all matter, or the existence of it, depends upon our ideas of its existence. This is giving that high province to the domain of the mind which we claim for an indwelling and lofty Spiritualism. Something material must govern its relations and development, just as the substance of the sun is necessary to the light it produces. This ideology is large or small in manifestation, just in proportion as our interpretative sense of its far-reaching development is perfected.

Nothing really exists, because it is forever changing; and in a measure as we realize this renewed existence of things, does the appreciative ray of a large and spiritually ideal life dawn upon us. What does it not demand of human prophecy and power, and of the mazes of mystery which surround the vast inheritances of mental being?

If we did not think and reason upon existence, how should we know that we ever existed? This question seems a strong confirmation of that philosophy which governs every thing by a law of intellectual being. The great intelligence of the universe must operate in this manner; it is set in motion, and creation is a consequence of that action; and all the matter which fills the vast fields of azure, balancing the great void of space, and preserving the equilibrium of the universe, must be the offspring of a thought of God. Its true existence was in his mind.

If we believe in Revelation, we must give it the same office and origin as this. What was fulfilled was only a preconception, and existed in the mind; the subsequent development was the proof. If a ray of inspiration be thenceforth in the flesh, and it be exercised in any sphere where the soul's mighty provinces have action, it must look forward and behind, and its development must be the result of a predisposed consideration.

Columbus, with that insight which

